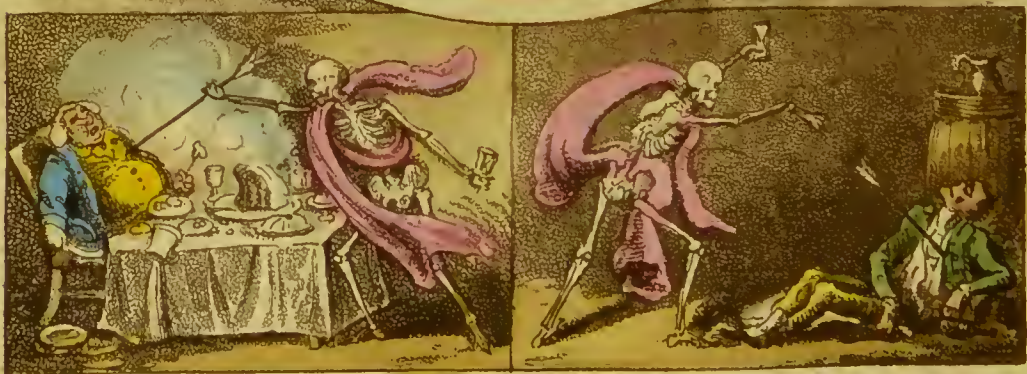
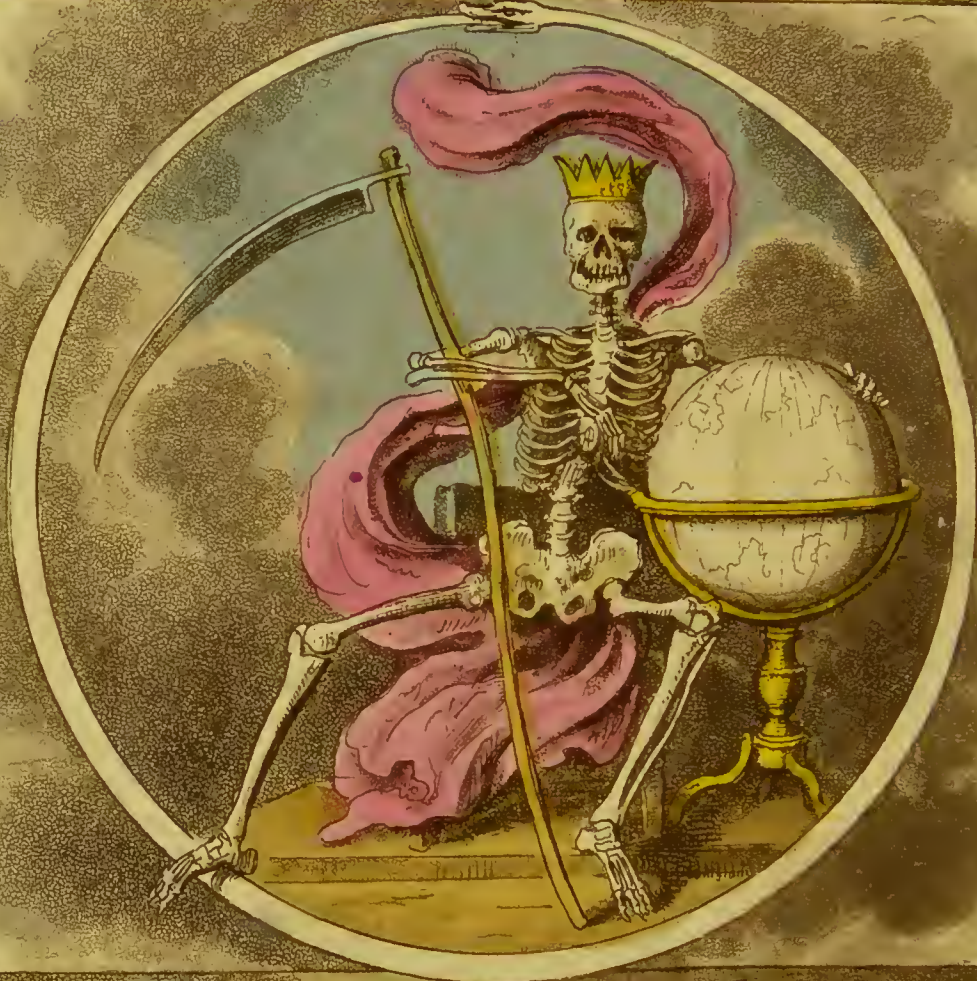
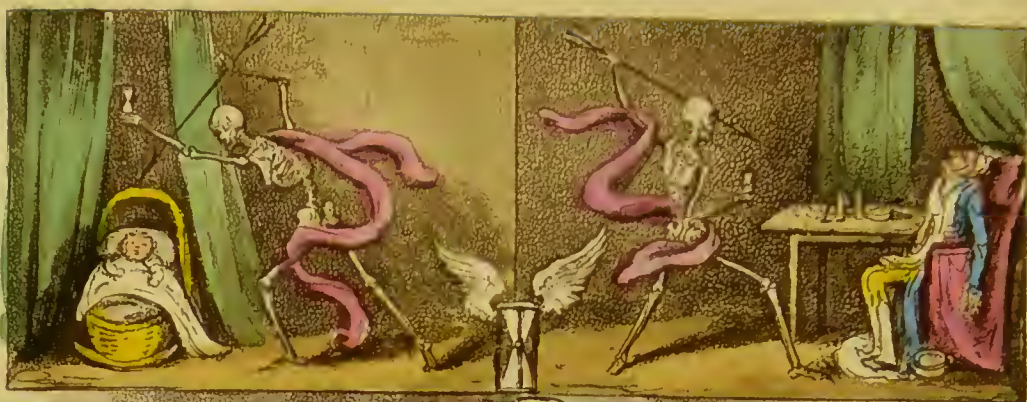


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THE BRITISH
DANCE OF DEATH,

EXEMPLIFIED BY

A Series of Engravings,

From Drawings by Van Assen ;

WITH

EXPLANATORY AND MORAL ESSAYS.



London :

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PREFACE.

AS it is requisite, perhaps, to annex a few lines by way of preface to this production, the Editor, in the first place, begs to mention, that the present work is on the plan of those celebrated designs of Holbein, called the Dance of Death, rendered eminent, as being the work of that great master. Those engravings, however, were not the earliest representations on the melancholy theme now before the reader; for we are informed by Lord Orford, in his *Anecdotes of Painters*, that there was a Dance of Death prior to the æra of this artist, to be seen in the church yard of the Predicantes, situated in the suburbs of St. John at Basil, which was notwithstanding erroneously ascribed to this painter, and always exhibited as such to strangers through an iron grating.

Pope Eugenius the Fourth appointed the Council of Basil in 1431, which continued its sittings for the procrastinated period of fifteen years, during which epoch, a dreadful plague occurred, that caused horrible devastation, carrying off every rank and class of society; it was, therefore, upon the cessation of this mortal infliction, that the work in question was achieved, in order that it might stand a lasting memorial of that terrible calamity.

This circumstance is, in itself, a sufficient attestation that Holbein could not have been the original designer; for he was not born till 1498; neither did he lend his aid to the additional part of the painting, executed in 1529, for he had retired from Basil prior to that period. But even suppose Holbein was a resident of that

city when the work was performed, it is by no means probable that all mention whatever of his name should have been omitted in the inscription, placed under these paintings, by order of the magistrates, and the more especially when the name of Hugo Klauber, the individual employed to repair them in 1569, stands carefully recorded. There exists, however, one proof of a more conclusive nature, that the Basil Death's Dance is not from the pencil of Holbein, which is apparent in the insipidity of the style of design; the several representations being no other than the figures of a Pope, Emperor, King, Queen, Nobles, &c. &c. walking beside the form of Death, who holds each character in his bony grasp; whereas, in the prints etched by Hollar, from the original drawings of Death's Dance as designed by Holbein, who in all probability borrowed the idea from the performance at Basil, the figures are grouped in the most masterly manner, while a richness of fancy are apparent throughout the whole series.

With regard to the accompanying designs, they were made by the late Mr. Van Assen, without any idea of publishing them; nor would they have assumed the present guise, had not many friends of the artist expressed a wish to possess them, accompanied by descriptions, appropriated to the several representations. Under these circumstances, the editor, with all due deference, presents them to the notice of publicity, fully confident, that neither in a pictorial or literary point of view, can they be regarded in any other light than what is in every respect conducive to the purposes of Religion and Morality.



DEATH AND INFANCY.

Published by Hodgson & Co. 20, Newgate Street.

DANCE OF DEATH.

DEATH AND INFANCY.

THE pilgrimage of human existence, as depicted by the immortal Shakespeare, in his Seven Ages, can never be surpassed ; it affords a most comprehensive view of the fitful fever of life, terminating with the lean and slippered Pantaloon, who sinks into the unexplored regions of oblivion—

“ *Sans eyes, sans teeth, sans every thing !*”

Were we, however, all created to measure thus a span of four-score years, the purpose of

our existence would be in a great measure accounted for; but how stands the case, when fate ushers human nature into being, as if it were for the purpose only of instantaneous annihilation. Thus the fond mother sustains for a period the increasing burthen of mortality; and gives it to the world with acutest anguish, only to witness the transition of her progeny from a state of life to cold nonentity. Where are then the winning smiles, the unspeakable graces attendant upon a state of innocence, that were to compensate for maternal sufferings? All vanished, and in their stead nothing remains but the chill marble livery of enhorroring death.

This instantaneous loss of progeny upon the part of the parent is, notwithstanding, far preferable to the deadly blow when inflicted at a more mature age; for, hope has then traced a glowing picture of ripening maturity; the mental dawnings of childhood appear as so many fascinating presages of virtues which are to characterize a state of manhood; yet in the very midst of innocent prattle, even while the toy

is dandled in the little cherub's grasp, comes the relentless messenger of fate, to snatch his destined prey, consigning thus to kindred earth all the bright chimeras of a doating mother's heart.

- Such are the shocks incidental to those of ripened age; yet as the tear of anguish flows, let it be remembered that there is no earthly suffering but may find some alleviation: religion affords its consolatory balm, and the calm dictates of sober reason will temper the exuberance of soul-oppressing grief. Let it be called to mind, that instead of that purity of spirit which the enchanted parent imagined would accompany its offspring through a series of years, the rank seeds of vice might on the contrary have choaked up the fair and salutary germs of virtue at a more advanced period of existence, and thus consigned the polluted soul to regions of horror beyond the grave.

To a finite creature, suffering under the goading lash of mental agony, it may appear a refinement on cruelty to inculcate this frigid

axiom, "that every thing is for the best"; nevertheless, if human nature was uniformly actuated by such a principle, a comparative state of terrestrial felicity would accompany us through this sublunary journey: we should then be reconciled to all the casualties incidental to humanity; and the very approach of death itself, in lieu of appalling the mind, would be hailed as the greatest of blessings, by terminating at once all those accumulated sufferings, which "*mankind is heir to.*"

MORAL.

Ne'er yield to sorrow's unavailing flow,
But kiss resign'd the soul-afflicting rod;
Mysterious is man's pilgrimage below,
'Tis *fate* ordains, and *justice* dwells with God.



DEATH AND JUVENILE PIETY.

DEATH AND JUVENILE PIETY.

A YOUTHFUL mind, when regulated by the precepts of morality, and actuated by those salutary doctrines which conduce to peace in this world, and permanent felicity beyond the present state of existence, if unexpectedly summoned to the drear region of the tombs, obeys the stern mandate with pious resignation, under the firm assurance that the translation must prove from this mortal to an enviable state of immortality.

Where are then thy terrors, grim monarch of the grave? thy shaft is divested of its real.

sting, the goadings of a surcharged spirit; the mantle of purity envelopes the fleeting shadow, which, borne upon exulting seraphs' wings, finds sanctuary in empyrean regions, where the fadeless sun of bliss shall blaze to all eternity.

Such proved the happy result of those principles which the great Sir Thomas More instilled into the mind of his beloved daughter, Margaret Roper, who was not only panegyricized by Erasmus, Ludovicus Vives, and all the learned men of her time, for the acuteness of her judgment and the profundity of her learning, but was further held up to public view as an immaculate pattern of daughterly perfection and the most exalted piety. This extraordinary female being seized with the sweating sickness, which put a period to her earthly career in the course of a few short hours, conducted herself upon this trying occasion with such consummate fortitude, that she resembled much more an expiring Seneca of the Roman school, than a timid daughter of Albion's isle.

While under consideration of the present head, it may not be irrelevant to remark, that however the existing mode adopted in the education of our females may render them more finished adepts at dancing, music, and other exterior accomplishments than our countrywomen of the sixteenth century, they are nevertheless in every respect deficient in the more sterling acquirements of the mind; instance, among innumerable characters handed down by our forefathers to posterity, the lovely and unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, whose unparalleled acquirements of the head were only surpassed by the unblemished purity of her heart, and the extraordinary fortitude with which she consigned her ill fated person to the stroke of the executioner's axe, while yet under the age of eighteen years.

These in themselves are sufficient incitements to a moral and religious system of education, for then the barbed arrow of death propelled by a superior power strikes but the mortal goal; the poison of his malice taints not the

immaterial being which braves the shock of dissolution; for as the only sting of death is sin, the vital stream, when unpolluted, repels the venomous assault—reflowing thus in a pure current to the fountain head of everlasting virtue.

MORAL.

The human breast when stor'd with goodly seeds
Contemplates joyfully the future state,
Approving conscience smiles on virtue's deeds,
And blunts the arrow of imperious Fate.



DEATH AND THE STUDENT.

DEATH AND THE STUDENT.



THE studious youth, anxious to give expansion to his intellectual powers, and solve the hidden mysteries of the schools, dreams not that in the very midst of his darling pursuit, and at a moment when his elaborate researches seem to be crowned with success, that even then death at his elbow levels the fatal brand, consigning thus his labours and himself to the dark bourne of the grave. Notwithstanding this sterling truth, it is to the studious mind alone that the world is indebted for those extraordinary discoveries which have proved so beneficial to the

human race, and from the profundity of intellect thus displayed, given the most incontestible evidence that human nature, unlike the brute creation, is possessed of that essence of the Divinity,—an immortal soul.

As the faculties of the brain, when powerfully called into action, tend more to ennoble man than the labours of all the other corporeal functions, which are merely mechanical; even so may the youth, though early deprived of existence, have established with futurity an imperishable name, from the result of those too intense lucubrations which were perhaps in a great measure instrumental to his early passage from this life into a better world.

The great Raphael, that prince of painters, and most accomplished of men, sunk to the grave at a period of life when the faculties had just attained their zenith, thus leaving the admiring world to deplore the sudden curtailment of mental energies that never were surpassed. Yet though consigned to the marble sepulchre, his name is chronicled to future

ages by the exquisite delineations of his inimitable pencil, which conveyed to the canvas a perfection of design, a richness of colouring, and a sublimity of conception that have very justly entailed upon his memory the appellation of *The Divine!*

In the person of Crichton, surnamed *The Admirable*, we have another instance of a most extraordinary kind, tending to prove the salutary effects resulting from early study.

Crichton, however, ere yet arrived at full years of manhood, was assailed by death in the person of a dastardly assassin; his murderer being no other than his own pupil, the heir of a noble family, who, either envious of his tutor's wonderful acquirements, or jealous of the preference displayed towards him by the softer sex, had recourse to base and cowardly assassination in order to terminate the hopeless competitorship upon his part.

On the plains of Zutphen, in the full vigour of life, fell the gallant Sir Philip Sidney, the pride of his Sovereign and her court; the

beloved of the Muses, and the gallant son of Mars. Yet though enshrined in the cold urn, Sidney still lives in the memory of radiant science, where his fame as a finished scholar, a tender poet, and a valiant soldier, shall stand recorded for ages yet to be enrolled.

Such are the honours attendant upon early habits of perseverance in the flowery paths of science, encircling the brows of unfledged maturity with a blooming coronet, whose verdure yet remains unsullied, though death's chill arrow has performed its fateful mission by consigning genius to the regions of mortality.

MORAL.

The fertile mind, with wholesome study fed,
Expanding, ranges wisdom's flow'ry fields;
Thus Science lives, though mortal man be dead:
Fate strikes the body,—Genius never yields.



DEATH AND THE SEMPSTRESS.

DEATH AND THE SEMPSTRESS.

WHAT fascination does it inspire to witness in youth an unremitting attention to the concerns of domestic life! Industry is the brightest gem that can grace the character of a young female; it acts as a certain safeguard against those wanderings of an exuberant fancy which too frequently undermine the dictates of modesty, and terminate in the complete pollution of the heart. Yet even assiduity, that breast-plate of the mind, is incapable of enshielding the material being from the well poised arrow of the grizzly king of terrors. He knows no

compunctious yearning,—the Parca have completed thy web, the fatal scissars are applied to disunite the fragile cord, and at the moment his death-dealing arm reduces the laborious frame of innocence and youth to a state of cold inanity. Yet how preferable thus to meet an early fate, than experience the fearful summons when disgraced by those failings which are the invariable concomitants of slothful supineness! Instead of the rational research into religion, morality, and history, to have the mind absorbed in the chaotic regions of romance; which, having delineated the human passions in an exaggerated and unnatural point of view, has completely turned the sober bias of reason,—thus immolating veracity and common sense at the tinselled shrine of folly and extravagance.

In such a case what palliation can be adduced for thus having misapplied the short span of life that was awarded by Providence? for however we may buoy ourselves up with a supposition that time is at our own disposal, it is no longer so than while rendered by us conducive

to the purposes of virtue, for every hour mispent is duly recorded in the great chronicle of fate, and it is consequently expected that those who have suffered the shortest pilgrimage on earth should render the most unblemished account of their time in futurity.

Let the calls of industry therefore be always predominant in the mind of adolescence; use becomes second nature, and it is equally in our own power to acquire a praise-worthy mode of action, as to degrade the spirit by an opposite line of proceeding. Let it be also remembered that this very line of perseverance is equally applicable to empires as to individuals; the Grecian, the Roman, in short every state, as recorded in history, that has arisen to celebrity, was indebted to industry for its aggrandizement; while indolence and profligacy were the sources of their several degradations: like the human mind, when reared in the school of virtuous adversity, each nation in succession struggled for a period, and overcame every impediment, till, yielding to the insidious blan-

dishments of vice, a consequent overthrow proved the result; which must equally attend upon our earthly career, if once we abandon those upright principles by which we were guided upon our first induction into active life.

MORAL.

Sloth, like a gangrene, poisons virtue's thrills,
Corrupts the streams of honour, fame, and truth;
While industry, sworn foe of mundane ills,
Implants bright science in the mind of youth.



DEATH AND THE MUSICAL STUDENT.

Published by Hodgeson & Co. 70, Newgate Street

DEATH AND THE MUSICAL STUDENT.

HARK! what tones are those that swell in heavenly harmony upon the ear? what mellifluent unison, transported on the breeze, seems even now to emulate a sweet concordance of celestial sounds? It is youth and beauty, combined with exquisite science, that captivates the senses. Oh! what enchantment thrills the soul! who now thinks of death; where is the creature that glances a thought at the fell spectre of annihilation? Yet is he at hand; he comes wafted on the pestilential breeze, and as the fine modulated cadence

even now plays upon the senses: the shaft is flown, and the young dulcit warbler is no more!

COUPLETS,

Written upon the sudden demise of a beautiful young Lady, very justly celebrated for her musical acquirements.

And has the bony spectre aim'd his dart,
 Say has he pierc'd the tender Syren's heart;
 Shall we no more behold the lovely maid,—
 True queen of song, in virtue's robe array'd?
 Has death relentless seal'd her final doom,
 Ah! must we mourn around the virgin's tomb?
 Yes! from each aching bosom bursts the sigh,
 As dew-drops trickle from the pensive eye.
 Yet, wherefore weep? Tho' mingled with the dust,
 Her spotless soul claims kindred with the Just:
 From earth translated,—in Elysium's plains,
 With Seraph choir, she now attunes the strains;
 Free from the shrine that cas'd her spotless soul,
 Attains on high joy's everlasting goal.

Mute are those lips of ashy hue that uttered late such sounds of sweetness to the wind, and motionless those taper fingers whose rapid execution ravished the attentive listener's ear! Be this thy lesson, Vanity: That the fell monarch of the charnel house is deaf to every note save that which yells for general devastation; the harsh intonations issuing from the ominous raven's throat, or the deep groans elicited by an agonized spirit, form his most bewitching melody: nor beauty, nor accomplishments, possess a fascination to retard his dread career; the icy messenger obeys his stern decree, perforates the panting throne of life, and curdling the warm current in the veins, levels true perfection in the lowly dust, to glut and feast the loathsome worms of earth.

Lo! such may prove the termination of terrestrial excellence, even in its very zenith! Therefore the mind, while yielding to the fascination of innocent sublunary pleasures, should never be wholly regardless of the

summons that may the next moment await to transform the strain of hilarity into the dirge of death; for it is thus we should moderate all our common enjoyments, tempering the indulgence of pleasure with the sober dictates of corrective reason.

MORAL.

The soul prepar'd to brave the ills of fate,
Stands forth enshielded 'gainst the final doom:—
Death he nor courts or shuns; but moves sedate,
And drops resign'd into the peaceful tomb.





DEATH AND THE DANCER.

DEATH AND THE DANCER.

SPORTIVE to the joyous lay,
See the airy form rebound ;
Ever graceful, ever gay,
Deigning scarce to tread the ground.

Zephyr-like, that fans the flow'r,
Through the mazy dance she flies ;
Genius of the sportive hour,
Sweet enchantress of the eyes.

Say what art thou, graceful sprite,
Creature of immortal sphere ;
In whose witching footsteps light,
Moves the air-blown gossamere ?

Say by what soft name :—O ! say,
Shall I nymph entitle thee ?
Ever joyous, smiling, gay,
Sister of Euphrosyne.

Creature of aerial birth,
Thou the mystic wreath shalt wear ;
Hail ! thou Queen of Dance on earth,
Sylph the title thou shalt bear.

Yet what avails this ease, this superior refinement upon elegance ? Even while in the midst of this exhilarating sport, and as the light fantastic toe scarce comes in contact with the earth, the messenger of destruction hurls his fateful brand : its cruel office is forthwith performed, all agility ceases at the moment ; for lo ! the lately gay and sportive creature is no more ! Nor time, nor season, nor employment, can stay the fell career of death ; mirth is to him the same as sadness ; no human power can evade his bony grasp, or fly from the sombre regions of the grave ; it is

the decree of immutable fate, and when the appointed period is arrived, they may be deemed the happiest who, although fated to meet an instantaneous summons, are not only resigned to their doom, but relinquish, without a sigh, the pleasures attendant upon mortality, inspired with an innate certainty of participating in the unalloyed bliss which awaits on virtuous actions in this transitory state of existence.

Dancing was at first, and indeed during some thousand years, a religious ceremony. The most ancient dance, of which we have any particular account, is that of the Jews, established by the Levitical law, to be exhibited at their solemn feasts. The daughters of Shiloh were dancing in the vineyards when they were caught by the young men of the tribe of Benjamin, who were advised by the elders of Israel to take that opportunity of supplying themselves with wives. The dancing of David is often spoken of; and it is the opinion of some commentators, that every

psalm had a separate and distinct dance belonging to it. The Egyptians had their solemn dances as well as the Jews. From the Jews and Egyptians, these sacred dances passed into Greece, where many of them are still retained. Dancing has always been a favorite amusement in England; so far back as the twelfth century, the damsels of London spent their evenings in dancing before their masters' doors. After the coronation dinner of Richard the Second—the king, the prelates, nobles, knights, and the rest of the company, spent the remainder of the day in dancing.

MORAL.

Dancing, like music, hath no pow'r to shield
The young, gay, lovely, from fate's icy brand ;
To pleasures let the youth with caution yield,
And bow contented at the fell command.



DEATH AND THE FEMALE STUDENT.

DEATH AND THE FEMALE STUDENT.

ASSIDUOUS study, is no less praise-worthy in the person of a young and lovely female, than when pursued by the opposite sex; for although a learned woman may be deemed pedantic, and even shunned, not only by females, but the half informed and superficial male part of the creation; yet how powerfully does she experience the benefits arising from knowledge so acquired. Her faculties, in such case, are enabled to embrace all the liberal sciences—she takes a comprehensive view of men and manners, the gewgaw of exterior trappings cannot hoodwink her penetrating conception—she detects the subtle sophistry of the specious

casuist, and rebuts his arguments with the sterling dictates of reason and of truth; in fine, every thing delights her that is sublime and good, while each progressive step that retrogrades from virtue, is in her estimation a shameful seceding from the calls of luminous science and sterling felicity. A ripening female, thus armed, smiles at the fulsome adulation of the coxcomb, and pities the vanity of the uninformed beauty—for it is her pride to select in society those individuals only, from whose conversation may be gleaned instructive lessons, and the merited applause of one such character counterbalances, in the estimation of such a mind, the most labored eulogies of an host of shallow flatterers. Yet these acquirements, though calculated to blunt the arrow of fate, cannot vary its unerring course, and thus, even while busily occupied to enrich the mind from exhaustless stores of learning, the will of inscrutable Providence is momentarily obeyed, and the enlightened frame of youth, beauty, and innocence, falls universally

lamented into the cold chamber of the grave. Compared with scientific knowledge, what are the lineaments of a beauteous countenance, or the attractions of a lovely figure? Both must surrender the palm to a plain visage and mediocre personage, when adorned with mental graces; for it is uniformly remarked in genteel society, that external beauty captivates only for a transient period, while the accomplished woman, bereft by nature of exterior fascinations, ultimately allures the major part of the individuals present, who are never weary of attending upon her person, being attracted thereto by the talismanic charm which is produced by an elegant and modest deportment, conjoined with a brilliant combination of intellectual refinements.

Females have very often, at the time of misfortune, or widowhood, reaped the fruits of their early studies, either by conducting seminaries, or as authors; while, had they neglected them, the greatest distress would probably have been their lot through life.

The writings of Mrs. H. More, Mrs. Edgeworth, and Mrs. Taylor—the effusions of Lady Morgan, Mrs. Opie, and Mrs. Radcliffe—the historic learning of Mrs. Macauley, Miss Aikin, and Miss Benger—and the erudite and classic works of Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Cappe, are ample proofs of eminent female literary talent. Numerous other instances might be quoted; but the above will, it is presumed, be sufficient to prove the assertion—“that learning is of more value to females, and that they apply it to better and more useful purposes, than the generality of those of the opposite sex.”

MORAL.

The youthful fair, by studious habits led,
 Arrays the mind with each attractive grace;
 Science will flourish and adorn the head,
 When Time has wither'd lovely form and face.

DEATH AND THE LOVERS.

Nothing tends more to the refinement of the manly mind than the yielding to honourable and virtuous love. It is the ordinance of Heaven, that the sexes should form an alliance sanctioned by our religious code, and, consequently, when no unnatural disparity in age occurs, what can be more truly enchanting than the soft confession of a mutual flame;—it is indeed the very achme of terrestrial happiness: but at the very moment when Love thus holds emporium over the senses; when the heart palpitates with refinement of passion, and a long season of extatic bliss appears in store—even at such a soul-thrilling juncture,

envious Death appears, and with a well-poised dart, dispels the fond illusions of the tender youth, by consigning him at once to the chilly sepulchre, thus planting the barbed dart of misery in the bosom of her to whom he so lately proffered up his heart.

Nevertheless, virtue being the foundation of such an attachment, the ebullition was blessed by the sanction of Omnipotence, and death, in a great measure, divested of his terrors. But, suppose the scene be reversed, and that, in lieu of such a sentiment pervading the bosom, nothing but the incitement of sensual gratification prompted the individual, who, in consequence, rushed into the foul embrace of prostitution; and that, in such a moment of guilty enjoyment, the keen arrow of extermination suddenly extinguished the vital spark; in what a polluted state did the soul then take its adventurous flight into the regions of eternity. In such case, no apology can be offered by way of palliation for this flagrant dereliction of virtuous principle; the tender thrills

of pure affection, and the enchanting bliss of refined love, are then transformed into the odious trappings of vicious concupiscence, than which, no sentiment can more disgrace the character of manhood—nay, even the brute creation itself ranks far superior to human nature, when vitiated by the gross pursuits of sensual gratification; the workings of the divine soul, and the efforts of heavenly reason, are at once consigned to oblivion: the caresses of the harlot, who, divested of every sentiment, yields her person up for lucre, are the only rewards of libidinous wishes, and in the place of a blooming progeny, which is the general attendant on connubial felicity, disease, disgrace, and shame are the invariable concomitants of illicit pleasures; while love, sanctioned by gentle affection and reason, if crowned with a long life, ensures terrestrial bliss, or when assailed by early death, reaps in futurity the glorious harvest of everlasting peace.

No marriage can be productive of happiness, unless the affections of the parties are

truly virtuous: then indeed, notwithstanding cares and perplexities, their lives will be a continued series of felicity; for they borrow not their value from the exterior and arbitrary goods of fortune. Their true ornaments are in themselves. The storms of adversity may sometimes shake them, but they cannot overpower them; and they soon rise again above the stormy regions. If they are reduced by misfortune to poverty, they are still rich in the possession of themselves, and a good conscience. They grow young again in their children, and their wisdom, their integrity, their experience, still serve for examples and lessons to all around them.

MORAL.

Love, when refined, adds lustre to the soul,
And truly dignifies the human heart;
But when depravity once claims controul,
Terrors await on death's empoison'd dart.



DEATH AND THE INDUSTRIOUS WIFE.

DEATH AND THE INDUSTRIOUS WIFE.

THE state of matrimony brings with it a variety of concomitant cares, and the thrifty house-wife ever mindful of her husband's interest, cannot appear to greater advantage than while occupied in those domestic pursuits, which, by curtailing all unnecessary expense, not only lighten the burden that is heaped upon his shoulder, but also tend to accumulate wealth for a rising progeny; and provide a store against the frowns of adverse fortune, sickness, age, and lastly, the approach of dissolution; actuated by such principles, though the marble hand of extermination attacks the industrious female, she has paved

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her way to the bright realms of felicity; and thus, the annihilating spectre is deprived of half his victory, having no hold upon the immaterial being.

In a former section, the subject of perseverance and industry in youth, engrossed my attention, and claimed the panegyric due to their worth; these habitudes therefore adopted in youth, acquire redoubled energy from the effect of custom; and the result proves, that when the nuptial state is blessed with such essential requisites, it is in some measure converted into a comparative scene of celestial beatitude. In such case, the happy husband quits his habitation, assured that his return will be welcomed with the affectionate smile of satisfaction, and that his eyes shall be saluted with an appearance of order and cleanliness in every department of his domestic establishment. In this time of earthly happiness, how merciful is the work of God! Such a female, therefore, is a fortune to that individual who has had sufficient judgment to

select her as his help-mate through this sublunary pilgrimage; in her he possesses the faithful and assiduous wife, the affectionate mother, and the sterling friend. The show of dress, which only dazzles the eyes of the vulgar, is to her a trifling and transient splendour. In health, she renders all his hours of relaxation a most enviable blessing, and in sickness and sorrow, her assiduity and tenderness afford consolation at the period of acutest suffering and mental disquietude; wherefore, to such a woman, I may well apply the subjoined couplets, which should act as a stimulus to every youthful heart, in stedfastly pursuing the flowery path of Industry, which is the never-failing beacon of honour and virtue.

ON INDUSTRY.

'Gainst frowning winter's sterile pow'r,
 What is't that yields the ant supply;
 Or loads with sweets from ev'ry flower,
 The waxen cell of summer's fly?

'Tis pain incessant rears the hill,
 'Tis labour piles the ample store;
 By toil, the swarm its hive can fill,
 And 'gainst bleak winter bar the door.

Behold the female warm'd by this,
 In honest toil glide on her days;
 Assur'd that *Industry* brings bliss,
 And *Perseverance* merits praise.

Conjoin thereto an upright soul,
 In proud support of Honour's cause;
 A spirit owning no controul,
 Save Wisdom's voice — Religion's Laws.

MORAL.

The slothful Mortal courts pollution's aid,
 To wither Prudence in the ripening soul;
 While Industry, in Honour's robe array'd,
 Bows but to sov'reign Virtue's pure controul.



DEATH AND THE WARRIOR.

DEATH AND THE WARRIOR.

MAGNANIMITY should be the natural attendant on the mind of the martial character who aspires to deeds of fame; there is, nevertheless, a very wide difference between this attribute and the fool-hardiness of youthful effervescence. That brilliant achievements have frequently been acquired by a desperate *coup de main*, every one will allow; but taken upon the aggregate, the greatest and the most brilliant exploits have been the result of coolness and sound tactical acquirements. The hero, now before us, rushes undauntedly forward to the deadly breach; his look, his action, in short, every gesticulation fires his followers with the most determined enthusiasm; even

now, the loud shout of applause rings through the concave of high heaven: the foe surrenders, and the fortress becomes the prize of the conquerers. Yet, even at that moment of exultation, unerring death levels the dauntless hero; consigning thus his stiffened 'manes to the blood-stained field.

In this instance, however, mortality is to be expected; for the soldier's occupation is to brave the fatal enemy,—nor does any translation from this life into futurity confer greater renown upon the departed, than where his existence has been forfeited at the shrine of honour, and in proudly supporting the rights and independence of his country. How frequently had the immortal NELSON dared the horrid phantom, ere the grim messenger of fate consigned him to the dust. Yet, never was there a more truly enviable situation than his noble flight into eternity; even to the present moment, he lives in every heart, and the growing babe is taught to lisp his venerated name. Such are the fadeless insignias

that adorn the memory of heroism; the sculptured effigies of the sons of glory, claim from every passenger the meed of applause, not unattended by the translucent drop of sorrow: the strains of the poet are offered up to eulogize his deeds, and the pen of the biographer blazons his achievements on the lasting page of history. Be such then the conduct of those who enlist under the banners of their country; may the ray of glory inspire every hardy seaman to emulate a BRONTI of the Nile, and infuse into each gallant soldier's mind the magnanimity of an ABERCROMBIE, a MOORE, or a PICTON; so shall radiant Honour be his portion here, and ever blooming Fame his recompense in the cold regions of the grave.

The Athenians had their funeral orations repeated annually, in honour of those who were slain in battle: the Plataëns kept a solemn anniversary, and their archon poured out a goblet of wine to those who had sacrificed their lives for the benefit of Greece. These Grecian ceremonies perpetuated senti-

ments of respect for the deceased, and excited in the people a generous desire of emulating the glorious achievements which had occasioned such solemnities.

MORAL.

The dauntless spirit, emulous to prove
His soul devoted to the public good;
On victor's pinions soars in Death—above
His Fame recorded in his life's warm blood.



DEATH AND THE PUGILISTS.

Published by Hodgson & Co. 10, Newgate Street.

DEATH AND THE PUGILISTS.

BLUSH at this exposure, ye peers of the realm, and fashionable amateurs, who, unmindful of elevated rank, and the superior claims of education, make bruisers your companions, and horse jockeys the assistants at your festive boards. Blush, I say, at the mention of a Cock Pit, where assemble not only the lowest, but the most depraved and unfeeling classes of human society.

How many thousands of pounds have been lost and won on the event of a Crib and Molineux's fisty acquirements; yet, who would

imagine, that the patrons of such men are by birth entitled to a voice in the Senate, and that the casting vote of a *Cribbite* may decide in the Commons House of Parliament upon a point of greatest moment to the community at large. Gentlemen have arrogated to themselves the exclusive privilege of fighting duels, a mode of arranging misunderstandings, affronts, and quarrels, which is neither sanctioned by the dictates of common sense, or tolerated by the institutes of Christianity; it may therefore be feasible for a well-educated man to possess the capability of standing up in his own defence, in case he should be rudely assaulted by some vulgar illiterate fellow; but as to mingling with such beings, I conceive it altogether derogatory to the character of any individual who ranks himself a gentleman.

In the subject of the annexed plate, however, we have a most striking instance of the total inefficacy of muscular powers, and pugilistic science, when opposed to the levelling arm of tremendous death, since at the precise moment



when all the corporeal energies are put in action to obtain the palm of victory; lo! the boney herald of fate directs his glare of destruction: thus, terminating at once the long contest for superiority, by consigning the pugilist and his boasted prowess to the dark mansion of the silent tomb.

It is not, however, when in the very act of competition alone, that death assails the pugilistic practitioner, who, generally speaking; ends his terrestrial course in the very prime of life, which arises from over exertion of the bodily powers, and is not unfrequently the result of internal bruises received during the contests wherein he has been engaged, in order to obtain the envied title of *The Champion of England*. Such honours may well adorn the character of a butcher, or a coal porter; but I must again repeat, that dignified individuals should interest themselves upon such occasions, is a circumstance that never fails to astonish the truly enlightened and honourable members of society, nor is it less

an indelible disgrace to the present æra, when we arrogate to ourselves the practice of every thing that is deemed refined and elegant.

The recent circumstance of a boxer, of the name of Hickman, being thrown from a chaise, and crushed to death under the wheel of a waggon, when just returning from one of the prize fights, fills the mind with horror while reflecting on his totally unprepared state at the awful moment!

MORAL,

Oppos'd to Death, each Mortal's strength must fail,
For nothing earthly can our lives enshield ;
But when the soul is cas'd in Virtue's mail,
It conquers Death in Heaven's eternal field,



DEATH AND THE GLUTTON.

Published by Rodgson & Co, Finsbury Street.

DEATH AND THE GLUTTON.

THE inordinate gratification of the sensual appetites, is the most degrading characteristic that can attend upon the human mind. To denominate such propensities as *beastly*, is applying a very improper term; for when instances of this nature occur, they sink human nature beneath the level of the brute, which is addicted to no extravagant indulgences, being solely governed by the imperious laws of nature. That London should produce its gormandizers, is by no means surprising, when it is considered, that every incitement is held out to pamper the appetite, and gratify desires of the voluptuary. In the delineation now before us, we have to contemplate a complete slave of the epicurean system, wine is the idol of his soul, but gluttony the deity of his adoration; his face, disfigured by excess, bears the stamp of sensuality, while his capacious and swollen body depicts the determined *gourmand*; conceive then, how awful it must be, to take the last eventful flight

when occupied only by sensual pursuits. Yet, at this juncture, death, in the guise of apoplexy, frequently assails his victim; thus calling him from the *material* pleasures of this life, to explore the unknown realms of immateriality. How dreadful must prove the change! What a chasm between mundane appetite and celestial bliss! Tremble, therefore, voluptuary, at the degrading scene, and if one germ of wholesome temperance yet remains in thy breast, let it act as a corrective, and, if possible, effect a cure. Yes, summons forthwith the rigid monitor to soberize the intoxicated appetite, and fit the wretched victim of intemperance for that imperious mandate, which must ere long await him.

I shall now, by way of illustration, introduce a few personages of antiquity to the reader, who have appeared on the page of history to the disgrace of human nature.

No less than three individuals of the name of Apicius are recorded, who were famous at Rome for their gormandizing propensities; the second of whom, in the reign of Augustus, produced a work on the pleasures and incitements of eating. This slave of his appetite, having expended the greater part of his estate in good living, finished his earthly career by

hanging himself. Aglais, the daughter of Megacles, according to Ælian, possessed such inordinate powers of digestion, that she would consume at every repast twelve pounds of meat, as much bread as half a bushel of corn would produce, and that she washed down this quantity of solids with six pints of wine. Smiredyrides, a native of Sybaris, was so much the slave of his appetites, that when he repaired to Greece, in order to marry Agarista the daughter of Clisthenes, his retinue consisted of three thousand persons; one being employed to catch fish for his table; a second thousand to procure birds, game, &c. while the third, served as cooks to dress the provisions thus accumulated: but to refer to a celebrated personage of later date, we are told, that even Mr. Pope himself was an epicure, of whom it was remarked, that while on a visit for the summer months at a nobleman's mansion, the poet was accustomed to remain in bed for whole days together, complaining of violent head-ach's; but that he would at any time rise with alacrity, if his attendant informed him, that there were stewed lampreys for dinner: neither let me omit to mention the epicurism of the celebrated Quin, who was so inordinately fond

of the fish called John Dorey, that he actually used to wish his throat was a mile in length, and crammed full of that dainty produce of the deep. And now, by way of concluding these strictures upon Gluttony, I must further instance the Roman Emperor Vitellius, the cost of whose table, for one year, amounted to seven millions, two hundred and sixty-five thousands, six hundred and twenty-five pounds sterling. In the life of this monarch, as handed down to us by Suetonius, cap. 13, is the description of a costly supper given him by his brother, in which there were two thousand of the choicest birds. One dish, for its amplitude and capaciousness, was denominated Minerva's buckler, which consisted chiefly of the livers of Seari, the brains of pheasants and peacocks, the tongues of phœnicoptere, and lampreys bellies, brought from the most remote coasts in Triremes.

MORAL.

Abstemious habits fit the rip'ning soul,
To walk in sober Reason's placid ray;
O'er Conscience, Death has then no stern controul,
The road to bliss, a bright and cloudless way.



DEATH AND THE DRUNKARD.

DEATH AND THE DRUNKARD.

THE man who debases his nature, by yielding to the inordinate use of liquor, places himself upon a par with the last mentioned race of mortals—with this difference, however, that during the moments of inebriety, reason being utterly expelled from her throne, yields up the reins to infuriate folly, which very frequently impels the Bacchanalian votary to the commission of crimes that for ever disgrace and humiliate him in the eyes of society. It has been said, that one individual demanded of another, whether he would rather commit a murder, betray his friend, or yield to drunkenness, upon which he preferred the latter, as the least evil of the three; whereas, afterwards committing the chosen crime, he, in that very state of intoxication, was guilty of the two deeds, from which he had thought to escape, by the election thus decided upon.

But to show more prominently the effects of drunkenness, we find in Holy Writ, that even the very individual, in whose behalf the Almighty had but recently deigned to interfere, became guilty of incest, from a too copious use of the deadening potion.

Polybius, the famous historian, informs us, that Agron, King of Illyria, after having defeated the Ætolians in a great battle, drank to such an excess, that he expired immediately afterwards.

The fame and martial glory of Alexander the Great was tarnished, by his shameful orgies, during which, he fired Persepolis, at the instigation of an harlot; and also murdered, with his own hand, the friend of his deceased father, and the honest adviser of all his warlike operations.

Ælian has handed down to posterity, the names of the Illyrians and Thracians, as having been greatly addicted to this abominable propensity; and in treating of the natives of Byzantium, we find them to have been such notorious drunkards, that they would let their mansions out to strangers, and retire to the lowest pot-houses, in order to gratify this unreasonable predeliction; nay, they even carried their complaisance to such a pitch, as

to surrender up their wives to the embraces of those who were the companions of their Bacchanalian orgies; it is, also, further asserted, that Leonidas their general, during the progress of a famous siege, finding it absolutely impossible to keep his men at their posts, literally caused public houses to be erected at the foot of the city walls, by which means alone he effected his purpose in keeping them strictly to their duty.

After such flagrant instances of this vice being practised by the male part of creation, I shall merely notice one female, recorded by Ælian, of the name of Clio, by which appellation, the Muse so denominated, is not intended; but merely a namesake, who, having learned to outvie all her own species in offering up libations to the rosy god, became at length such a proficient, as to surpass even the most inordinate drunkards of the opposite sex.

In the accompanying design, we behold every characteristic trait of excess; the half closed sparkling eyes, bloated cheeks, unmeaning expansion of the mouth, and enlarged corporation, designate the slave of drunkenness; while the head, bereft of its accustomed appendage, and the ungartered stocking,

betray the lack of decency, and contempt of all decorum, which never fail to attend the victims of this most abhorrent vice. At such a juncture then, to receive the fearful mandate, and be ushered into the Divine presence! I shudder at the thought! Yet, the dart may be hurled at a moment thus inauspicious; for, according to the ordinances of fate, the grizzly monarch proceeds in his career of extermination, and the grin of horrid satisfaction is never so legibly imprinted on his bony visage, as when he launches into the realms of eternity that being who is most unprepared to obey the final summons of Omnipotence.

MORAL.

The wretched man oppress'd by dead'ning wine,
With mad'ning folly shrouds bright Wisdom's beam;
Death strikes him while bereft of sense divine,
And wakes his soul to horrors, from the dream.



J. G. H. D. A. H. Sculpt.

DEATH AND THE WATCHMAN.

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DEATH AND THE WATCHMAN.

It is too frequently the lot of mortality to undertake the performance of that for others, which we are wholly incapable of compassing for ourselves; an instance of which, now presents itself to our observation, in the person of a nightly guardian of our premises, who, in the very act of preserving our properties and lives against the attempts of the house-breaker and murderer, is himself stopped short in his career, by the sudden visitation of imperious death.

The robust and vigorous youth, secure in the idea of his corporeal powers and healthful

stamina, dreams not of his end until the dart assails him; indeed, every class of individuals is ready with some excuse or palliative against the near approach of death, notwithstanding the certain conviction that his period of visitation must arrive, and that we cannot for a certainty depend upon the next moment of time for our continuance in this world.

In preparing, however, for the eventful moment of dissolution, it was not intended that our thoughts should be always occupied in contemplating the moment of death; for if was such the case, melancholy indeed would be the span of life allotted to mortality. The preparation required for this eventful change, is to feel conscious of having turned every moment to the best account, by acting in conformity to the will of Providence; for when such an assurance strikes the soul, even the poor man, performing thus his nightly avocation, is ready for the flight that is to usher him into another state of existence; while the rich and powerful individual, stained

with guilt, trembles even at the transient thought of dissolution.

I have frequently found, while passing through the gay streets of London, that envious sensations have involuntarily obtruded themselves upon my fancy, on contemplating the splendid equipages which I never had wealth to procure, and on surveying rich and fascinating articles, which I am debarred from purchasing, on account of the narrowness of my income; upon such occasions, however, there is one mode of internal reasoning, which never fails in producing the most efficacious consequences, and that results from a simple conviction of death's emporium being universal; and that, consequently, a very few short years must reduce the most envied possessor of wealth to a level with myself, in the dark oblivious mansion of the tomb. Thus, even the poor herald of the night, now before us, having atchieved the end of his terrestrial pilgrimage, may challenge the greatest monarch, enshrined in the rich marble Mausoleum,

for in death all distinction is at an end; and to use the emphatic words of the poet:—

“ Death, great proprietor of all! ’tis thine

“ To tread out empire, and to quench the stars;

“ The Sun himself, by thy permission, shines,

“ And one day thou shalt pluck him from his sphere.”

MORAL.

No moment passes, but Death’s arrow flies,

The rich and poor alike his shafts appal;

’Tis now the monarch—now the peasant dies,

Or soon or late the grave must swallow all.



DEATH AND THE FISHWOMAN.

DEATH AND THE FISH-WOMAN.

BEHOLD the sturdy female attendant of Billingsgate Market with lungs of a stentor, anxiously striving to dispose of her finny store. From her healthy appearance, the observer might be led to imagine, that she was framed to weather many a season yet untold; but even strength, when accompanied by hardihood of body, acquired in the rough scenes of life, cannot enshield the object from the blow attendant upon finite mortals.

The robust personage shares the fate of the weakly, and the stamina of an Hercules

moulders beside the nerveless frame which was consigned to the sepulchre by the wasting touch of dire consumption.

Who then dares arrogate to himself a certainty of life, even in the plenitude of youth, and vigour of the frame? The enervated son of dissipation may still inhabit this terrestrial sphere, when the laborious hind slumbers in the village church yard; and the lady, whose darling pursuit consists in dissipation, may still present her faded countenance at the rout and ball, while the sturdy, youthful cottage maid is numbered with the tenants of the lowly sod.

Nothing so forcibly brings these truths to mind, as quitting, for a certain period, the metropolis—when, upon returning after some years' absence, we behold no more the healthful and vigorous forms we were in the constant habit of meeting; while sickly and emaciated objects, which now appear as so many tenants destined for the grave, still wander about their former haunts; thus, fully exemplifying

the extraordinary inequality of Death's career, who, like the eccentric motion of the comet, travels on eternally, and whatsoever obtrudes upon his path, must wither into nothingness.

Thus hardihood, we find, presents no barrier to oppose the visitation of annihilating fate, no antidote against the envenomed life bereaving shaft; wherefore, the poor mortal, after a life spent in constant toil, procuring but scantily the aliment and clothing necessary for the absolute support of animal nature, bids adieu to existence, without having participated in any one gratification above mediocrity.

Think of this sterling truth, ye gay and affluent females, who still continue in the full enjoyment of life, and blessed with the possession of affluence to supply every earthly wish; while your destitute sister of mortality, in the meridian of her toilsome pilgrimage, is hurried, perhaps unpitied and unknown, from the turbulent ocean of life into the boundless expanse of eternity.

MORAL.

Toss'd on the billows of eventful life,
The poor will buffet to escape the grave;
Yet, in the midst of all this worldly strife,
Death frees from bondage the laborious slave.



DEATH AND THE PHYSICIAN.

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DEATH AND THE PHYSICIAN.

Physician, heal thyself.

Luke iv. 5.

How self-conceited is human nature—how arrogant in thought—how deficient in knowledge—how presumptuous in acting—yet, how incapable in the performance! In the present instance, we have to contemplate the Esculapian practitioner, in the act of consulting his patient's disease, is himself, as if in derision, hurried away by Death, thus displaying a useful moral of the vanity of man's boasted acquirements.

—————O man, weak man,
Dress'd in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence!

During the Pontificate of Alexander the Sixth, a very fierce debate arose concerning the necessity of tolerating physicians for the support of the state, it being argued, in opposition to the practice, that at the period of the Commonwealth of Rome, physicians were not known; but that, nevertheless, the population of the country flourished. The Pope himself, however, gave it in favour of the *Materia Medica*, alledging this curious reason, in support of his argument, viz. “That was it not for physical practitioners, the human race would very shortly increase to such a degree, as to occasion universal famine through the land.” Such having been the decision of this great representative of Saint Peter, the ensuing lines cannot, as I conceive, be construed into a more flagrant libel against the Esculapian phalanx; wherefore I shall, without further apology, present them to the reader.—

Lo! Doctors view of each degree,
Old Galen’s sapient progeny,

Those worthy Esculapian dangles,
Men's constitutions dear entanglers;
Whose bushy wigs do first sustain
Great practice, back'd by aug'ral cane.
With waste of purse, you may ensure
For galloping Consumption—cure:
By feeling pulse, they will explain
The source of pulmonary pain;
And while right hand embraces wrist,
Behind back glides the other fist;
Ready to grasp those dear definers
Of Wisdom—pretty yellow shiners:
'Tis sage physicians, when in pain,
Sends us to mother earth again.
Wherefore great Alexander dying,
Could not refrain from loudly crying,
Stretched on the bed before the Quorum,
“ *Pereo turbá Medicorum.*”

This exclamation, which rendered into English, means “ *I perish by the help of too many physicians!*” is handed down to us by historians, as having escaped the lips of that renowned conqueror when upon his death bed. To terminate, however, the present

section, I shall, once more, have recourse to metre, and then proceed to the following stricture.

Our modern men of this same calling,
Lay consciences beneath tarpauling;
For, with all ills they do their best,
And if they do wrong, soul's at rest.
So whether men or live or die,
In each case there's equality.
Gaining one way health's restoration,
By t'other, soul's emancipation;
The one to stomach giving tone,
And strength'ning jaws to pick a bone;
T'other, enabling sprite to fly,
And sing psalms to eternity.
Therefore, whatever be fate's fiat,
Physicians on this head are quiet.



DEATH AND THE MISER.

Published by Rodgson & Co. W. Markgate Street.

DEATH AND THE MISER.

THE subject now before us, is a true portrait of that most wretched, unfeeling, and useless member of society—the miser! Surrounded by his wealth, he forgets his duty to his God—his neighbour—and himself; all his ideas being engrossed in the contemplation of his treasures; gold is the idol of his worship; and those riches which he ought to appropriate towards relieving the wants of his fellow creatures, he hoards, until he becomes callous to all other feelings than that of parsimony.

But behold this poor wretched man! see his haggard cheeks, his jaundiced eye. Suspicion, fear, mistrust, all take possession of his haunted breast. He is an outcast of society—he suspects every one, and is despised by all—his days are a continued scene of the most wretched torments—he wishes to prolong his life beyond the usual period allotted to man, but he debars himself of the means of support, and thus shortens his existence; and Death drags the worthless wretch away from his darling wealth, as unworthy of living in the world, in order that his treasures may be possessed by others, better qualified to enjoy them.

What a useful lesson does the life of the miser present to the world; it shews the folly of hoarding up wealth, merely for the gratification of beholding it. “Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, that thou hast provided?” Luke xi. 2.

How wisely is it ordained, that even pining

poverty should have its blessings; for, notwithstanding all the disagreeable consequences attendant on want, it softens the pride and vanity of man—it makes him look with cheerfulness on that glorious change, which must sooner or later take him from his earthly troubles. He knows not the racking anxiety which wealth is sure to bring its possessor—he feels not the rich man's continual fear of Death; for “Death is the tyrant of the rich man's imagination.”

“The reign of Death is in solitude and darkness, in tombs and prisons, over weak hearts and seething brains—he lives without shape or sound—a phantasm, inaccessible to sight or touch—a ghastly and terrible apprehension.

“There never was a man of such hardihood of nerve, but he has at one time or other shrunk from peril. Philosophy may welcome it, and passion may disregard it, but our instinct, which is always true, first commands us to fear. It is not so much the pain of dying,

nor the array of death, (though the *pompa mortis* is sufficiently repelling) but it is that tremendous thought—that vast impenetrable gloom, without depth, or breadth, or bound—which no reason can compass, and no intellect can pry into, that alarms us. Our fancy is ripe with wonders, and it fills up the space between us and heaven.”



DEATH AND OLD AGE.

Published by Hodgeson & Co. 10, Newgate Street.

DEATH AND OLD AGE.

Aged and warp'd, and yellow was he,
As the dry leaf beneath the tree.

HERE we behold man, covered with years, verging to the last degree of frailty ; he seems to possess all that calmness and serenity, the effects of a good conscience, and a well directed life. Death is seen at this period, putting an end to his infirmities, and those wants that “ flesh is heir to.”

Old age is the period when man reflects on his good and bad actions, to reap the value of his virtuous and charitable deeds, or to grieve at the remembrance of an ill-spent life ; it is then he knows the full value of wealth, and whether what he possesses, has been

honourably acquired, that in its accumulation, it has cost neither—

“ The widow’s sigh—the orphan’s tear!”

If man would but think a little more of old age in his younger days, and consider, that although infirmities deprive him then of the activity he had in his youth, yet, that it leaves him in the possession of thought—of mind—of recollection—we are assured, it would prevent him committing many an improvident act. It is at this period, when probably, having outlived all his friends, he has no companion but his conscience. Conscience keeps possession of us all, from the prince to the beggar. It is no matter whether it be the monarch, who unfeelingly thrusts away his innocent wife from his presence, to wander a wretched broken-hearted fugitive over all the world; or, the ferocious wretch, who, heated by liquor and passion, plunges a dagger in the bosom of her, who, had she lived, would have been a ministering angel to him in the hour of his

sickness, and death! They are both equally bad men.

The fond husband feels a glorious peace of mind while bending to the will of providence, and though he sorely feels the sad loss of the partner of his bed, he waits with patient anxiety for that period when he shall be called to follow her. “The world to him is then a blank! The heart in which he hoarded all his secrets, all his hopes, is cold; and so it is, that all we love must wither—that we ourselves must wither, and die away! It is a trite saying, yet a wholesome moral belongs to it. The thread of life is spun, it is twisted firm, and looks as if it would last for ever. All colours are there, the gaudy yellow, and the sanguine red, and black, dark as death; yet it is cut in twain by the shears of fate, almost before we discern the peril—all that has been, and is, and is to come, must die; and the grave will possess all. Already the temple of Death is stored with immense treasures; but it shall be *filled*, till its sides shall crack and moulder, and its

gaunt king Death, “the skeleton,” shall wither like its prey. Oh! if the dead may speak, by what rich noises is that solemn temple haunted! What a countless throng of shapes is there! Kings and poets, philosophers and soldiers! What a catalogue might not be reckoned, from the founders of the tower of Belus, to the Persians who encamped in the Babylonian squares—to Alexander, and Socrates, and Plato—to Cæsar—to Alfred! Fair names, too, might be strung upon the list, like pearls of glancing diamonds; creatures who were once the grace and beauty of the earth, queens and gentlewomen—Antigone and Sappho—Corinna, and the mother of the Gracchi—Portia and Agrippini. And the story might be ended with him, who died an exile, on his sea-surrounded rock, the first emperor of France, the king and conqueror of Italy, the Corsican soldier, Napoleon!”

THE END.

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